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OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE PEDESTRIAN;

OR,

TALES OF THE TRAVELLER.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

VAIN would be all attempts to describe the effect produced by the preceding letter; for the sympathetic mind can more easily imagine it; but whilst the grief of Matilda burst forth in the most violent expressions of sorrow, that of her suffering parent was dignified by silence.

Though I had merely intended to sleep at the inn, and quit it at an early hour on the following morning, yet I felt too deeply interested in the fate of these unfortunate females to leave it without either rendering some essential assistance to them, or seeing them placed under the protection of some being who possessed the power and inclination of serving them. At an early hour on the following morning, I was roused by my landlady's informing me, that the gentleman who had sent the parcel to Miss M—— had just arrived in a chaise-and-four; and having been informed, by my communicative hostess, I had interested myself in the fate of these unfortunates, he expressed a desire of conversing with me, before his arrival was announced.

The appearance of this young stranger was at once elegant and prepossessing; he apologized for the liberty he had taken, by saying he understood I had been serviceable to Mrs. M—— and her daughter; concluded by entreating me to introduce him to them as the intimate friend of him whose death they had so much reason to deplore. From this ingenuous young officer, I discovered that Mrs. M—— had offended her family by marrying contrary to their wishes and views; in consequence of which, she had little more than a lieutenant's widow's pension to subsist upon. Her husband died before the youthful Edward had completed his twelfth year; but as the propensity of the father seemed to have descended to his offspring, the navy was the only profession of which he would hear. This promising young officer, I discovered, from the narrator of his simple history, had been absent from his family nearly four years; and being in a delicate state of health, his anxious mother could not resist the maternal impulse of visiting him in Port, indulging the hope that the prize-money due to his gallant exertions would allow her to gratify her inclinations.

That the coach which was to convey this fond parent to Portsmouth was overturned, my readers already know; but, alas! poor Mrs. M——'s misfortune

did not end with a broken bone; for the little trunk which contained the few pounds which was to defray the travelling expences of herself & daughter, in the confusion occasioned by the accident, was either stolen, or lost; and they were compelled to submit to the insults of their unfeeling landlady, until they could receive remittances from Portsmouth.

Though piety, and resignation to the will of that Being who disposes all events which happen in this world, induced the attached mother of the ill-fated Edward to hear the afflicting calamity which had befallen her with an appearance of composure; yet so debilitated was her frame by suffering, and so poignantly did she feel the loss of her beloved son, that when I entered the apartment to announce the arrival of the Honorable Mr. Pelham (which was the name of that son's bosom companion,) I perceived that death had aimed an unerring arrow at the hapless Mrs. M——'s bosom.

Language would in vain attempt to do justice to the interview which followed; and callous must have been the heart which was not deeply affected by it; for my part, gentle reader, rather than encounter such another, I would voluntarily undertake to walk over the Alps.

Eager were the enquiries which the anxious mother made respecting the spot which entombed the form of her beloved child; and hearing it was not more than five-and-twenty miles distant, she exclaimed, "Oh! that I might but enjoy the thought of being buried by his side."

"Talk not of dying, I implore you, my dear, my beloved mother," said the agonized Matilda, throwing herself on her knees by the bed-side. "I must deceive you no longer, my child," rejoined Mrs. M——, in feeble accents; "but to whom am I to entrust a being far dearer to me than life? Great God!" she added, "what are the pangs of dying compared to the thought of leaving you, my child?" "Deign to make me her protector; sanction an engagement

which, as if in the presence of the Omnipotent, I swear most solemnly to maintain," exclaimed the deeply affected Pelham, whilst tears of sympathy rapidly coursed each other down his manly face.

The dying Mrs. M—— for some moments gazed anxiously upon the countenance of her beloved child; then gently drawing her towards her palpitating bosom, she said a few words in a whispering voice; then taking her hand, she placed it in that of Pelham's, who, from the moment he had entreated to become the protector of the hapless Matilda, had remained kneeling at the bed-side. "As you fulfil the sacred trust at this awful moment committed to you," said the expiring parent of Matilda, in a tremulous tone of voice, "may that Eye who now witnesses the contrast, bless you through every period of life!" Here she paused; exhausted nature had made its last exertion; and her spotless spirit took its flight.

I caught the fainting Matilda in my arms, and carried her into an adjoining chamber, into which I was followed by my landlady; who, no longer fearful of not being rewarded for her trouble, was all attention and civility.

Though I had witnessed the sacred engagement into which Pelham had voluntarily entered, yet the impropriety of a young female being left without any of her own sex to console or comfort her, instantly occurred to my mind; and recollecting that the widow of a clergyman resided within the distance of five miles, I resolved to walk thither, and, if possible, bring her with me.—Scarcely had I related my mournful tale to this exemplary woman, when she proposed accompanying me, and offering her house as an asylum to the unfortunate Matilda, whose sorrows excited the tenderest sympathy. From a mixture of respect and affection to the memory of her deceased parent, we found it impossible to persuade this amiable young woman to quit the spot which contained a form so beloved, until it was removed to be interred; yet when Pelham and myself followed it to

the place where her son had a few days before been buried, Matilda accompanied Mrs. Clavering to her hospitable home.

During our slow and melancholy journey, my ingenious companion informed me he was attached to Matilda even before he beheld her charms; as from the confidence which had subsisted between himself and her brother, he had formed the most favorable opinion of her disposition from her letters; adding, that as his parents were dead and his fortune independent, he was at liberty to follow his inclinations.

Having performed the last sad duty of friendship to the mother of the lovely Matilda, at the request of Mr. Pelham, I accompanied him to her new abode; when, with ardour unfeigned, he implored her to give him a legal claim to prove the fervency of his regard. Withheld, however, by those scruples which a delicate mind could not avoid feeling, Matilda has refused to become his wife for the space of six months; not only alleging as a reason the recent loss of her nearest connexion, but the dread that Pelham should repent having entered into such a serious engagement.

Though I combined my persuasive powers with those of the impatient lover, yet as the reasons Matilda assigned, Mrs. Clavering highly approved, it is decreed that the lovely orphan shall remain under that excellent woman's protection during the ensuing six months. Pelham, previous to becoming Benedict, is to resign his commission; and I have undertaken to arrange the deceased's concerns.

#### A MORAL SENTIMENT.

There are many instances of men of a lively imagination, brilliant wit, and general knowledge, being at the same time very sceptic, profligate and unjust. This is a sufficient proof, that knowledge alone is not all that is necessary to the regulation of our minds and manners.

#### TRAVELS AT HOME.

A series of Letters have lately been published in the *BOSTON CENTINEL*, from a "YOUNG BOSTONIAN" to his Parents in Boston, interestingly descriptive of *this* part of the country—which our readers no doubt will be pleased to see in the *NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM*.

#### FROM NEW-HAVEN TO NEW-YORK.

Steam-Boat *Fulton*, Sept. 17, 1816.

Honored and dear parents—Though upon a different element, I think of my friends, and regret they are not enjoying the same pleasure with myself. After nearly a week of incessant storm, the sun was welcomed this morning with six-fold pleasure. He rose, just as we sailed from New-Haven—earth and sea smiled as he rose. Those noble bluffs, two miles from the city—those prominences of bare rocks, several hundred feet in height, which emphatically say, not only to the sea, but to the mountains they terminate, "thou shalt come no further," receded with a grandeur, which gave dignity to the woodland scenery, and a romantic enchantment to the city.

The shore, we pass, is alternately varied with copses of wood, and clusters of houses; here a forest—there a village. On our right is the main land, and Long-Island skirts our left; behind is a sea furrowed by our keel; before us a fine expanse of blue waters. Ah! were you here to participate these beauties of nature; to point out those circumstances which experienced age better than youth, can discover; and to infer those moral lessons that nature, though dumb, loudly proclaims.

To retire, however, from the sea to the cabin. I am in a very handsome apartment with rich tables, looking glasses and chairs.—On my left is a map of New-York; on my right one of Connecticut. At the same table with myself, and occupied in the same way, is a Southern Planter. In the corner of the room is one of Dr. D——'s sons



examining the map of his state; at a table, in another corner, sat a gentleman and lady at chess. The adjoining room is the Ladies' apartment—What is there doing, fancy may conjecture, but we cannot ascertain.

Our method of conveyance is very pleasant. But it is easier to enjoy the steam-boat than describe its philosophy. There is a great rumbling in the hold; great fires; much iron machinery; something that ascends and descends like a saw mill (with much less velocity,) which nameless something is connected with the paddles that propel the boat.

Our deck is covered with wood for fuel—casks of water and the passengers' trunks. Still there is ample room to walk, and quite a variety for a spot one hundred and fifty feet by fifty. At the prow are clusters of men examining with glasses distant objects and minute beauties. At the stern are ladies and gentlemen conversing. In one spot are two of my old class-mates smoking cigars over a gammon board; in another servants with refreshing fruits. Thus we have diversity on deck—novelty in the cabin—beauty on the shore; and grandeur on the sea—all enhanced by fine weather, and, thank heaven, by fine health.

One o'clock. I have been on deck so long, my head is a little confused—my stomach a little sick, and my eyes not a little wearied with viewing the scenery. We are now approaching the eastern end of Long-Island; the coast is woody and picturesque; the western side presents many long and bold cliffs, at the base of which are extensive sands, rendered white and sparkling by a meridian light that encircle the island like a girdle of silver. On our right—(they have here taken my table for dinner, and I have made a secretary of two chairs,) on our right are towns, whose village spires shed a "moral lustre" on the shores of Connecticut.

I have found an interesting companion in a Scotch doctor who is on board; among other things he has given me a little information of Walter Scott, which may interest Miss B.—Scott never sits

down to write a work as business, but carries a book with a pencil, into which he transfers his poetical scions as fast as they shoot up in his mind. The best of these—(for I have unluckily stumbled upon a figure)—are selected by his Swiss wife every week; to which Walter adds new plants occasionally, and makes all grow 'till his nursery is sufficiently numerous and large, when they are transplanted into that wide garden, the world—and here—at so great a change in the subject, the form may be dropped—here is produced a volume.

As we draw near New-York, some gentlemen's seats scattered along the banks, agreeably interrupt the line of view. Some are built of stone. The land around is not so cultivated as the environs of Boston; there are few tilled fields and fewer orchards. The trees and shrubbery, however, which decorate the seats are mostly native, and of course appear well.

As this is the first day, in consequence of the storm, in which vessels have passed up the Sound for a week, there are an unusual number: our boat, was just now, surrounded by thirty-three of all descriptions, with sails all bent, and a stiff breeze, which as they passed islands of fine groves the intermixture of mast and tree, of white sails and green foliage, gave the Sound for several miles an appearance pleasing and picturesque, and a little like enchantment.

We have just passed a vessel to which was attached a diving bell. The bell was ascending.—We proceeded too rapidly to get a sight of the sub-marine travellers. They are in search of money, and other articles of use or curiosity, which went down with a British sloop of war during the revolution.

Our passage over Hurl-gate was as tranquil as through any part of the Sound. The tide was high, and left us only to conjecture the horrific and sublime sight (for Burke's theory might here be exemplified) which takes place at low water. My imagination, though guided by history, could hardly conceive it possible for ships to be wrecked where all was so tranquil.

New-York presents rather an uninteresting appearance as we approach. Few spires are seen. The houses seem built of wood, and are very old fashioned next the Sound. What most surprises me is the number of masts which invest the city. One would think that the forests had left the mountains for the bay and rivers of New-York. But I am about to step from our boat into this emporium of the middle states; and must first shake hands with you, assuring you that I continue to be your dutiful son, &c. \*\*\*\*

## ARRIVAL AT NEW-YORK.

*Fire-Fly, Hudson River, Sept. 19, 1816.*

Honored and dear parents—I was yesterday wholly engaged in viewing N. York, though the city is too well known by personal observation, to need description; still, as in your tour to this state, you did not visit it, the following little details may not be uninteresting.

The houses are more antiquated than Boston; presenting little other order than constant irregularity. The streets which extend the length of the city, are broad and well paved; but the lanes, leading to the river on each side of the island, are generally narrow. A few of the stores in Broadway have more splendour and magnificence than any I had ever seen. But generally the shops in the first streets of Boston surpass them in uniform neatness and show. All the wharves in New-York cannot furnish buildings sufficiently elegant to form an India-street; and though you cannot ride through two grand streets, and say, this is Boston—yet such spots of elegance as Franklin Place, State-street, Broad-street, &c. do not present themselves in New-York.—Much less has the metropolis of the middle states any thing to compare to New-Cornhill, or to those immense ranges of new stores which form the wet dock in the capital of New-England.

The walk on the battery is more grand, but less beautiful by nature and

much less so by art, than those extensive and noble malls which encircle the immense common in Boston—and it is said no buildings in the world surpass those which flank the streets around these last walks. Boston bay, however, does not furnish such forts as those on Governor's and the adjacent islands—They are really noble, & shed a gothic solemnity on the spots they cover. I attended the theatre, and saw "Guy Mannering" performed, the first time in America. "Prodigious" made much sport. The house is not so handsome as that in Boston, but has more ample accommodations. The audience were quite unruly—One of the spectators hit an actor with an apple; but the police took and carried him out.

The Museum is small; but the birds and beasts are very well preserved. It required little imagination to suppose the smaller of the feathered tribe singing; to see the larger American eagle on the wing; and to perceive the tiger's eye glaring with its original fierceness. Three musicians performed there on six different instruments at once. The music was loud and better calculated for a street than a room. City Hall is a building of surpassing richness and grandeur; though it does not tower above all other houses and spires, like the State House of Massachusetts.—The fault so often found, that its length is ill proportioned to its height, I was not so unfortunate as not to perceive. Had the front presented one straight line, as I anticipated, the objection alleged had been reasonable: but the noble wings stepping forward of the centre, relieve the eye,—affording by prominence, what we otherwise might have expected to find in elevation. The interior is finished in a style correspondent with the marble exterior. The governor's room is a superb apartment. Rich Turkey carpets, mahogany chairs and tables, with splendid crimson and silk curtains, together with nine half portraits of our great civilians and politicians, and an equal number of full length likenesses of our naval and military heroes, all richly painted, in elegant

gilt frames, fill the mind with a pageant of rich ideas. The council chamber is a throne. To describe it would require more attention than the twilight permitted me to pay; to enjoy, you must see it.

The interior of Trinity Church, the only one I visited, is superb. The wall is ornamented with marble entablatures, characters of the deceased great; and if I do not misrecollect, there were suspended from the ceiling eleven cut glass chandeliers.

I crossed over to New-Jersey last evening, merely to step my foot in that state. The new steam-boats, very elegant, are nearly completed. \*\*\*\*\*

[The remaining letters will be published in our succeeding numbers.]

### THE LADIES' FRIEND.

From Mrs. TAYLOR's Practical Hints.

"To the woman who has a just sense of duty, home will be the spot where her happiness is concentrated, whether her husband is there or not: but if, after all her exertions to render it agreeable, he takes no delight in it, and by his unnecessary absence proves that he undervalues her society, of how much deserved felicity is she not deprived. He, methinks, whose prevailing passion is for going abroad, has little right to object, nay, should make the widest allowance, if his wife should manifest the same disposition. And if she should, the fate of that family may be augured with little danger of mistake.—Should she not, her situation is inferior to that of his servants; who, if they have cause for discontent, change their master, and meliorate their condition. It is only criminals that should be punished with *solitary* confinement.

"But if, unhappily, husbands and wives should rarely meet at home, it is possible that they may occasionally meet abroad; and here it is of more importance than many married people are aware of, that each should render to the other that kind of honour, which is due to such a relationship.—Many,

indeed who are by no means deficient in real affection and mutual respect, fail to express either in their general conduct, and appear as if at liberty to treat, with peculiar neglect, that individual whom one has promised to honour, and the other to cherish. A wife is tenderly alive to the kind attentions of her husband, whether at home or abroad: and neither can more gracefully fulfil the marriage vow, than by thus giving honour, open and cheerful honour, to whom honour is due.

"As every man is mathematician enough to know that the whole is composed of parts, he might, by the most simple process, ascertain whether the character of a *good husband* is justly his due. Pounds are composed of pence, centuries of moments, this ponderous globe of atoms; and so, in the most important relations of human life, trivial attentions, nameless kindness, habitual tenderness, go far to compose the sum of its happiness. The great outlines of a picture may be correct, but it is by a variety of minute and scarcely perceptible touches, that it is rendered beautiful and complete. Refined, indeed, is the enjoyment of those who know both how to bestow and how to appreciate this exquisite finish."

*The French have a notion that there are many ridiculous things in the world:—we shall enumerate some of them.*

Not to eat soup every day.

To drink tea every day.

To wear small hats one year.

To wear large ones the next.

To spit in a pocket handkerchief instead of on the ground.

To prefer the slow German Waltz to the French jigging one.

To think that any people but themselves can either paint, or write, or cook, or talk, or fight, or love, or walk, or stand, or sit, or dance, or lie, or drive coaches, or ride horses, or dress, or build, or garden, or make wigs, or shave, or bake bread, or bleed, or blister.



FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## ON LOVE.

Addressed to Miss S. V. Z.—T.

You ask me what is Love? According to heathen Mythology he was said to be the son of Venus, and was represented as a beautiful boy with wings, a fillet over his eyes, armed with a bow and quiver filled with arrows. He remained some time on the earth, but at length suddenly disappeared. By many he was said to have become enamoured of the beautiful Psyche, and to have carried her to a place of bliss where he long enjoyed her company.—But according to the best traditions, he never left the earth, but died upon the bosom of Pleasure. This is a fable or rather a beautiful allegory, rendered fit subject to awaken the rapt fancy of the Poet or to inspire and animate his harp. But in the opinion of the one who now addresses you, Love may boast of an higher origin than is there allowed him.—It is a passion, better felt than described: It is an emanation of the Deity; It is an ethereal spark emitted from the heavens, which when it deigns to visit mortals, its basis must be esteem and its key-stone virtue. Where it meets with a return, a dear, delightful, rapturous emotion, at once pleasant, but undefinable, suffuses itself over the soul, and an indescribable something, which was never felt before, pervades the hearts of mortals. Where once it is admitted to reign sole monarch of the breast, it never abdicates the throne; but, like the ideas of death which impressed upon the mind, can never be erased, such and so absolute is the power of Love, "which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength."

There are many who would no doubt kneel before the altar, provided (as the pencil of the celebrated Wertmüller has finely touched it) the god would descend in a shower of gold; but let such recollect that mercenary views profane its hallowed fires, and that the shrine dedicated to true Love is almost

as sacred as that which is devoted to Religion; and those that bend before it, must worship in spirit and in truth.—It is not a sentiment which exists but with our being and sinks with us into the grave. No! it is a passion of the soul, and at that hour when mortality's last struggle is over, Love takes its flight, nor pauses 'till it enters heaven, its birth place and its home.

"Dark shadowy" o'er the present flits the vision of the past. The loves of Mejuoun and Leila still lives on the pages of the elegant D'Israeli: the history of Petrarch and Laura still remains an undeniable proof of the matchless constancy of Love, and the woes of Abelard and Eloise decked in the sublime imagery of Pope, cannot fail to harmonize every feeling of the soul, and almost persuade us to kneel at the same altar with them; but when we remember their misfortunes, "we sadly say with mutual pity moved, Oh, may we never love as these have loved." There are however severer conflicts of this passion. The pangs of despised love are thus beautifully described by Shakspeare, "She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek, until she looked like green and yellow melancholy, or like Patience seated on a monument, smiling at Grief." It is likewise spoken of by many other authors, too numerous to mention, who all describe it as a nameless something, which knows no medium, but causes either joy, or despair. There is a mistaken idea which still exist in the minds of many, that absence may ameliorate this passion, and in time produce a cure; but those who have forwarded this opinion, have been but slightly tintured. An happy love, absence but serves to heighten, and in the despair of love, absence never yet produced a change. The victim knows no pleasure save in the prospect of "the valley of the shadow of death" and hails its approach, as the dawning of a sabbath, as a rainbow of peace. When we are pointed to the grave of one who has thus passed their life in hopeless me-

lancholy, the most disinterested cannot suppress a sigh, and those who feel its baneful influence, must "pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears."

ELLA.

### ON VOLCANOES.

From the Analysis of the Labours of the  
Royal Institute of France for 1815.

By M. Cuvier.

AMONG the most perplexing, as well as remarkable phenomena of the globe, are those terrific fires, which, with respect to the surface of the earth, are subterraneous: but with respect to the whole mass of the globe are superficial. The principle on which they maintain their combustion—the great numbers of them which have left traces of their existence, although apparently extinguished, at present—the number of them yet in activity with the supposable consequence, if ALL were extinguished, are matters of great curiosity and concern to the Geologist. Nature neither had, originally, nor has now, any operative agency in vain. Does their number increase or diminish? Is their power greater or lesser? Are their eruptions more or less frequent? The more we know of the globe, the more extensive is our list of volcanoes. Hitherto, they have defied our researches, and eluded the arrangement of our system: will it be always thus?

The following paper comprises remarks on this subject, distinguished by their ingenuity and interest:—

The mysterious nature of Volcanoes, those immense *foci* of heat, far removed from all the conditions which keep up heat at the surface of the earth, will be still a long time one of the great objects of the curiosity of natural philosophers, and will excite their efforts so long as any hopes of success remain. A young mineralogist as zealous as he is learned, M. Mesnard de la Groye, having had occasion in 1812 and 1813 to observe several of the phenomena of Vesuvius, drew up a journal of them with great accuracy, intermixed with many original suppositions and ideas.

Since the enormous diminution which the cone of the volcano underwent in 1794, when it sunk more than 400 feet, all the eruptions have taken place from its summit; which seems to have prevented them from being so abundant and so destructive as those which issued from its sides. The bottom of the crater rose, and it is not unlikely that it will be filled.

The rivers of lava are the less abundant if a great quantity of scorix and small stones are thrown out during the eruption. The whole cone is covered with those small stones, which are soon changed by the acid vapours, and assume those lively and variegated colours which make them look like bunches of flowers at a distance, and which have inclined naturalists to suppose that the crater is filled with sulphur; which is so far from being true, that it is even very rare that sulphurous vapours are perceived in it: on the contrary, there rise strong and continued exhalations of muriatic acid, and sea salt is every where concreted throughout.

M. Mesnard de la Groye thence takes occasion to divide volcanoes into two classes; those in which sulphur performs an essential part, and those in which the muriatic acid prevails. It is among the latter that he classes Vesuvius.

He also notices the continual smoke which rises from the rivers of lava, and which announces great humidity. This smoke is in fact purely aqueous. No flames are seen; but sands and burnt stones; and the reverberation of the internal furnaces on the vapours which issue, causes this illusion. The lava flows very slowly: its edges when cooled form an embankment for it, and keep it above the level of the soil, which is covered with scorix; it is very difficult to get a sight of its fluid parts. We know besides, that its heat has nothing in it similar to that of glass in fusion; for when it envelopes trunks of trees, it does not char them to the centre. M. de la Groye is also of opinion that the lava owes its fluidity to some principle which is consumed by the very act of fusion, and to this circumstance is owing the



difficulty of fusing again that which has once cooled. The full mass, the part not swelled up into scorix, has a stoney aspect: this is what the Germans call *graustin*. The author compares the periods of the fusion of the lavas with those through which the salts pass, which fuse after being swelled up. He relates some curious facts with respect to the prodigiously long duration of their heat, and thence concludes that they bear within themselves the principle of their own heat, and that they do not possess a heat simply communicated.—To all these remarks M. de la Groye adds a very detailed account of the grand eruption of 1810, which produced an infinity of ashes and small stones, but the lava of which did not reach the length of the cultivated grounds.

#### PAULOWNA.

Labauyme, in his Narrative of Bonaparte's Campaign in Russia, speaking of the state of affairs immediately after the battle and burning of Moscow, says.—

"In penetrating the vaults of St. Michaels for plunder, the French soldiers perceived at the end of a gallery, a lamp, the half extinguished light of which fell on a small altar; they went immediately up to it, and the first object that presented itself to their notice was a young female, elegantly dressed, and in the most religious attitude. At the noise of the soldiers, the unhappy girl screamed grievously, fell into a swoon and was carried in that situation before one of the generals. While I have life I shall recollect the effect which that young lady's appearance amongst us, almost pale and dying, produced; her afflicted looks were truly interesting, and she appeared to curse the hand which endeavoured to call her to life. Pure minds were moved by her fate, and wished most ardently to become acquainted with the history of this interesting victim; the General in particular, but from very different motives, seemed also very curious to hear it; and sending most of those away who were present, he begged the young

lady to relate to him her misfortunes. —"Of what use," said she, "would it be to mention to you the wealth of a house which will soon be annihilated? Suffice it that the name of my father is celebrated in the history of our empire, and that he is still himself, serving with distinction in the army which is now fighting for their country. My name is Paulowna. On the day preceding your entrance into Moscow, I was going to be united to one of the young warriors who distinguished himself in the battle of Mojaïsk, but amidst the nuptial ceremonies, my father was informed that the French were at the gates of the town, and suspending my marriage, and taking away my husband with him, they went to join the army. Early on the next morning, being together with my afflicted family, we heard the cannons; and the noise approaching nearer, and nearer, we did not doubt any longer we must quit Moscow. During this extreme bustle, I fled with my relations, and when we arrived near the Kremlin, an immense crowd met us, and approaching us hastily, they parted me from my mother and sisters. I endeavoured in vain to recal them by my cries: the noise of arms, the bustle of an infuriated populace overpowered my voice and made me in that instant, the most miserable of all. The French, meanwhile, penetrated into the town and making every one fly before them, they advanced towards the Kremlin. To find a shelter against their excesses, I was drawn on, with many more, into the citadel, which was considered a place of security for us. As I could not mix with the combatants, I retired to the church of St. Michael, seeking peace among the graves of the Czars. Kneeling near their sepulchres, I invoked the names of those illustrious founders of our country, when, on a sudden, some wicked soldiers broke in upon my retreat and dragged me away from an inviolable and sacred asylum."

When the unhappy girl had finished her history, she shed a torrent of tears, and throwing herself at the General's feet she implored him to respect her virtue,

and to send her back to her relations. He was more interested by her beauty than her tears, but pretending to pity her misfortunes, he engaged to relieve them, offered her his house as a shelter; and in order to retain her, he promised to use all his power to find out her father and her destined husband. But as I knew the disposition of the man, I clearly perceived, that his apparent generosity was only a snare to deceive Paulowna, and he wanted nothing more to fill up the horrors committed on that day, but to outrage virtue and seduce innocence: thus, neither blood nor the candour of youth, nor the tears of beauty were respected

### ON WINTER.

From the (Philadelphia) Parterre.

THERE is something in the approach of winter which always impresses the mind with sentiments of gloom and despondency. During the continuance of summer and of autumn, the face of nature was adorned with every charm which could astonish and delight. Flowers of every hue and fragrance, spangled the meadow and mountain, and flung their perfumes to the passing Zephyrs. The birds warbled in the groves, the brooks murmured through the valley, and myriads of the insect tribes were seen displaying their gay habiliments and sporting out a transient existence. When the hand of Autumn tinged the ripening grain, and beckoned the cheerful rustics to their labour, the fields were gladsome to the eye. The apple, the pear and the peach trees, were bending beneath their rich abundance, and vegetable nature stood arrayed in all the grace of maturity. But when the giant winter strides the fair domains, how different is the prospect! The flowers shrink from his approach, the fruit trees shed their honours, and the pride of the forests strew their leaves as a tributary offering before him. The cloudless skies of summer are involved in darkness, and one scene of wild and universal desolation is to us presented. But

though the approach of winter is so dreadful, its progress distributes innumerable pleasures. This is the season of repose and recreation to the body and the mind. The pursuits and amusements, which courted our attention, "When nature smiled," are now dissipated, and scenes of calm and sober enjoyment arise before us. Those

"Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,

And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

There is nothing now that can attract our vagrant footsteps: all of quiet, all of happiness, is contained within the domestic circle. This is the season for the improvement of our moral and literary attainments, and the accumulation of our intellectual resources. In the society of the parlour and the solitude of the study, we may polish our manners and improve our minds, and by social converse brighten those powers, which nature and education have bestowed.

For myself, I must acknowledge, there is nothing which affords me satisfaction so pure and unalloyed, as that which I experience when seated by a comfortable fire, and surrounded by my intimate acquaintances, or in company with that best of all friends, a book.

The winter season seems peculiarly adapted for study, which renders it more susceptible of instruction, and induces it permanently to retain those impressions, which in a more genial and busy season might be quickly effaced.

If so many benefits result from the periodical return of winter, how ungrateful are we to repine at its approach! It is true, to persons in circumstances of indigence and distress it appears clothed with aggravated horrors; yet even to them, it is not destitute of blessings.—The prolonged interval of relaxation, presents a favourable opportunity for a mental improvement and corporeal repose. But how many under those circumstances, have brought themselves to this deplorable situation by neglecting the precaution of preparing during the

summer of prosperity, for the winter of want. Certain it is however, there are many, who by a series of unforeseen events, have been reduced to penury; whose exertions were upright, whose intentions were honest, but whose every effort appeared thwarted by some mysterious dispensation. These will at least afford to others an additional gratification which the season bestows; that pure, that benevolent enjoyment, of administering relief to the afflicted and distressed. Of employing their leisure, their talents, and their wealth, in forming and executing plans, for the assistance of the poor and needy, and for the support of those, who have none to help them.

### VARIETY.

THAT apt Remarker, Dr. Franklin, observes, "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine cloaths, fine houses, nor fine furniture." It is even so; and it is this supreme regard to the eyes of others that leads multitudes of men and women into extravagant ruinous expenses. Without adequate funds they build them fine houses, and purchase them fine furniture, and array themselves with costly apparel, that others may gaze upon them as persons possessed of taste and refined enjoyments; and by these means they are presently stripped of the very necessities of life. —*Con. Courant.*

*Something Curious.*—Cornelius Meddagh, was tried last week in New-Brunswick, for the supposed murder of his wife. "After a patient hearing of testimony, and the pleadings for and against the prisoner, the Chief Justice charged the Jury, who retired for a few minutes in the evening, and brought in a verdict of *Manslaughter.*"

At a late assizes in Durham, Eng. an Irish woman was convicted of theft;

and the clerk called out, "Mary Jones, you are found guilty of stealing articles to the value of ten-pence."—"Very well, (answered the prisoner, putting her hand in her pocket, here's a *shilling*, give me *three pence!*"

### ANECDOTE.

'We have heard it asserted,' says the *Analectic Magazine*, 'that Washington never smiled but once in his life. This we know not to be true: for we recollect when in 1799 he was at Newburyport, seeing him laugh heartily: a proper hoh hoh laugh. He stood at the gate of Mr. Tracy's yard while the procession of selectmen, clergy, lawyers, doctors, carpenters, smiths, taylor, shoemakers, schoolmasters with their pupils, &c. &c. passed; the last were the sailors commanded by Capt. Bradbury, with boatswains whistling, and some old sailors fiddling, one of whom had a droll way of jerking his elbow. There was a universal loud laugh: Washington too laughed loud and heartily: bending his head and shoulders down a considerable distance:—Those who were quite intimate with him say he was occasionally fond of jocular anecdotes. He, however, in the latter part of his life, had no time for laughing—he was too busy thinking of what would promote the welfare of his country—*Virginia Patriot.*

### EPITAPH ON PETER, WHO WAS DROWNED.

Peter was in the ocean drowned,  
A careless, hapless creature!  
And when his lifeless trunk was found,  
It had become *Salt-Peter!*

### UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY.

I have stolen a lock of your beautiful hair,  
Which makes me merry as a grig;  
Had I known, straight replied my beneficent fair  
That the theft of *one* lock would bring raptures so rare,  
I'd have given you up the *whole wig!*



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### THE YOUNG BACHELOR.

I wish alone for  
 "Fire-side enjoyments, single happiness,  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
 Of long uninterrupted ev'ning know."—

COWPER.

GIVE me a young Bachelor's peaceable  
 life,  
 Devoid of all cares, that are found with a  
 wife,  
 Whose wild whims and fancies forever will  
 reign,  
 Lest he curbs with a sway that is sure to  
 give pain.

When the toils of the day have all glided to  
 rest,  
 Then he flies to his room with a rapturous  
 rest :  
 For there, no dull troubles nor griefs can  
 have sway,  
 And if any, he carelessly smoaks them  
 away—

Or he takes his fond book in whose classic  
 page,  
 Is reflected the objects that dance on life's  
 stage :  
 He learns the gay mirth that awhile may  
 allure,  
 And silently thinks that they can't long en-  
 dure—

For if first to a party, the ball, and the  
 play,  
 Three nights in the week they thus squan-  
 der away :

Either married or single, maid, widow, or  
 wife,

It certainly causes a great deal of strife.  
 One sighs for a girl whom he thought he  
 had gain'd,

Some husband perhaps has his wishes much  
 pain'd,

He has seen a young girl—but he dare not  
 express

The love that she feels—for his wife 'twould  
 distress :

So he suffers each day, some new pangs  
 thro' his life,

Because he has *foolishly* taken a wife :  
 Only think of the *children*, the trouble *they*  
 give,

And then I am sure that more single you'll  
 live.—

To judge for *myself*, why 'tis easy decided,  
 Since reason has long o'er my passion resi-  
 ded :

I *once* was in love, but oh, never again,  
 Shall it feast on my heart, and live in my  
 brain—

Then give me a room in whose sweet little  
 square,

My daily vocations I'd joyfully share;  
 So quiet I'd live, that I'd scarce wish to die,  
 Except 'twas to rest with the angels on  
 high. ROLLA.

(From the Boston Evening Gazette.)

The following lines were written by a lady  
 of Massachusetts—and reflect no little  
 credit both on her head and her heart.

### THE SACRIFICE.

THE morning's sun rose bright and clear :  
 On Abraham's tent it gaily shone :  
 And all was bright and cheerful there  
 All, save the Patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,  
 It forced into his eye the tear ;  
 For though his soul was all resign'd,  
 Yet nature fondly linger'd there.

The simple morning feast was spread,  
 And Sarah at the banquet smil'd ;  
 Joy o'er her face its lustre shed,  
 For near her sat her only child.

The charms that pleas'd a monarch's eye,  
 Upon *her* cheek had left their trace :  
 His highly augur'd destiny  
 Was written in his heav'nly face.

The groaning father turn'd away,  
 And walk'd the inner tent apart—  
 He felt his fortitude decay,  
 While Nature whisper'd in his heart :

"O ! must this son to whom was given  
 The promise of a blessed land,

Beir to the choicest gifts of heaven,  
Be slain by a fond parent's hand ?

This son, for whom my eldest born  
Was sent an outcast from his home;  
And in some wilderness forlorn  
A savage exile doom'd to roam !—

But shall a feeble worm rebel;  
And murmur at a father's rod ?  
Shall he be backward to fulfil  
The known and certain will of God ?—

Arise my son ! the cruel fill,  
And store the scrip with due supplies ;  
For we must seek Moriah's hill,  
And offer there a sacrifice !"

The mother rais'd a speaking eye,  
And all a mother's soul was there—  
"She fear'd the desert drear and dry !  
She fear'd the savage lurking there !"

Abraham beheld, and made reply :  
"On Him, from whom our blessings flow,  
My sister, we with faith rely ;  
'Tis he commands and we must go !"—

The duteous son in haste obey'd,  
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepar'd ;  
And with the third day's twilight shade  
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

The menials then at distance wait—  
Alone ascend the son and sire ;  
The wood on Isaac's shoulder's laid,  
The wood—to build his funeral pyre !—

No passion sway'd the father's mind,  
He felt a calm, a death like chill—  
His soul, all chastened, all resign'd,  
Bow'd meekly—though he shudder'd still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,  
With smiling wonder, Isaac cries,  
"My father lo ! the fire and wood—  
But where's the lamb of sacrifice.

The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,  
While Abraham answered low, aside,  
With steady voice, and look resign'd,  
God will himself a lamb provide !

But let no pen profane like mine,  
On holiest themes, too rashly dare—  
Turn to the BOOK OF BOOKS DIVINE,  
And read the blessed promise there.

Ages on ages roll'd away—  
At length the hour appointed came ;  
And on the mount of Calvary,  
God did himself provide a LAMB !

#### IMPROMPTU.

SAYS Thomas to George, of what use is a  
key,

'But treasure from thieves to secure ?  
'Why then is't if left in full view at the  
door,

'But rogues to the plunder t'o allure !'  
To this question of Thomas, George nod-  
ded 'yes,'

'Why then,' replied Thomas, I see,  
'The reason why each pretty miss on her  
breast,

'Conspicuously fixes a key.'

From the New-York Evening Post.

#### HOPE AND MEMORY.

THE swift winged hours fleet away with  
our pleasures,

And leave an impression of sorrow behind—  
'Till bright visioned Fancy enrich with her  
treasures,  
And rapture awaken anew in the mind.

And oh ! 'tis the brightest of pleasing re-  
flections,

When virtue and love in sweet unison meet,  
To entwine with the present some fond re-  
collections,

The remembrance of hours of enjoyment  
so sweet.

And should memory's magic cease ever to  
charm us,

While our hearts the dark mantle of sor-  
row shall wear,

Glowing hope with its bright ray can ne'er  
fail to warm us,

And remove from the eye of affliction the  
tear.

For lives there a breast that's so wedded to  
sorrow,

Or a soul ne'er subdued by a smile or a tear;  
That joys not in hope and the dreams of to-  
morrow,

And that loves not the scenes e'er to mem-  
ory dear ?

No ! few are the hearts which they cannot  
awaken,  
And highly endear'd is the charm they be-  
stow,  
Since with all our joys their delight is par-  
taken,  
And mingle their balm with our pangs and  
our woe.

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NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1817.

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## Intelligence.

+ ~ +

In consequence of the great exporta-  
tions of Flour from the United States,  
to supply the suffering inhabitants of  
Europe, the West-Indies, &c. &c. Flour  
has risen here to \$ 15 per barrel. This  
great rise on the first article of life, (and  
very likely it will be higher) it is hoped  
will arrest the attention of the Legisla-  
ture, and put a stop, at least for a while,  
to the distillation of grain into that  
worst of all uses, ardent spirits, before  
we get into a similar state with those  
whom Providence has afflicted with an  
unpropitious season. Indeed it appears  
that some part of our own country will  
stand in need of a supply before the  
next harvest, as the following article  
from the Commercial Advertiser will  
testify :—

“The Governor of Delaware, in a late  
message to the Legislature, represents  
the crops throughout that State, as  
very deficient, and recommends the  
adoption of a Resolution “requesting  
Congress to prohibit the exportation of  
flour and grain.”—A similar resolution  
was proposed (and we believe finally  
adopted) in the House of Delegates, of  
Maryland.”

Recent accounts from Saint Johns,  
Newfoundland, state the situation of  
the inhabitants, for the want of Bread,  
as bordering on famine, unless a large  
portion of the population, who are fish-  
ing laborers, principally from Ireland,  
should return speedily to their native  
country. It has been ascertained they  
have not more than 1000 bbls. of Flour,

and 200 tons of Biscuit on hand, to feed  
12,000 inhabitants. The Governor was  
engaging vessels to take them off—one  
with 150 had arrived at Halifax.

Three distinct shocks of an earth-  
quake were felt in the neighborhood of  
Baltimore, on the 8th instant. The ap-  
pearance of the heavens at the time,  
it is said were unusual. Black clouds,  
succeeded by a clear sky, omitted flashes  
of lightning.

About the same time a shock of an  
earthquake was felt at Charleston and  
Norfolk.

A Captain arrived at Norfolk from  
the West-Indies informs, that on the  
31st Dec. in lat. 27, 23, long. 70, 55,  
he experienced a very severe shock of  
an earthquake, which imparted such an  
appalling rumbling noise and tremulous  
motion, as nearly to unship the com-  
passes.

Mr. George Treytorreus, a native of  
Switzerland, and now a resident of this  
city, has communicated to the New-  
York Manufacturing Society, through  
Mr. Caritat, that *Milk Weed*, or *Silk  
Grass*, which grows common in our  
country, is an excellent substitute for  
*Pastel*, or *Woad*, in dying a deep fine  
blue—and also, that *Blood Root* in dying  
woolens a deep blue, is a most satisfac-  
tory substitute for *Madder* itself.

On Wednesday night last, a candle  
factory (where the fire originated) Tho.  
Mouncey & Son's extensive brewery—  
Dixon's distillery—Shonnard's choco-  
late factory, and a number of other  
buildings, were destroyed by fire.—  
Loss supposed to be little short of  
\$ 50,000.

On the 9th inst. the coroner was call-  
ed to view the body of Eliza Mason,  
aged 20 years, a native of this city.  
Verdict—suicide by taking opium.

On the 11th, to view the body of  
Margaret Magee, aged 60 years, a na-  
tive of Ireland, who was burnt to death,  
and literally burnt up, in Greenwich,  
near Spring-street. She was alone,  
and her clothes taking fire, her body  
was consumed before the flames were  
extinguished.



## MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. James M'Cra, of Philadelphia, to Miss Joanna Lawrence, daughter of Augustine H. Lawrence, esq. of this city,

By the rev. Dr. G. A. Kuypers, Mr. Alexander P. W. Kinnan, to Miss Sophia A. Van Dyck, daughter of the late Mr. James Van Dyck

By the same, Mr. George Hawkins, to Miss Jane Van Beuren, of this city.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Dr. Charles E. Pearson, of Morristown, (N. J.) to Miss Ann Marston Shaw, daughter of John C. Shaw, esq. of this city.

## DIED.

In the 71st year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Tree, an ornament to the Christian religion.

Mrs. Ann Theal, wife of Mr. Thomas Theal, in the 33d year of her age.

In the 50th year of her age, Mrs. Jane Hunter.

Mr. Abraham Van Gelder, aged 53.

In the 22d year of her age, Miss Ann Rebecca Davenport.

DIED—At New-Haven, the 11th inst. the rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. President of Yale College, in the 65th year of his age, and the 22d of his Presidency.

## OBITUARY NOTICE,

From the Commercial Adv. of Monday last.

It is our painful task to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT, the President of Yale College.—His health, we understand, has been declining for several months. On Wednesday last his disease very sudden assumed a severe and alarming character; and on Saturday morning, his immortal soul exchanged its "tenement of clay" for "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens"—Verily, a great and a good man "has fallen this day in Israel."

"And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The death of such a man as President Dwight, we consider as a public calamity, of no ordinary kind. He possessed a strong and highly cultivated mind; and, both as a Minister of the Gospel, and the President of a College, was highly distinguished and pre-eminently useful. In which capacity he shone most conspicuous, it is difficult to decide. His talents for either were, indeed of the highest order. As a Preacher of the Gospel, he was learned, eloquent, energetic and persuasive: And yet, as a Literary

Teacher, he possessed also a familiar and thorough acquaintance with general science, a peculiar facility of communicating instruction, a combined affability and dignity of manners, and a happy faculty of correcting the irregular habits and restraining the wayward disposition of youth, which enabled him to fill with unrivalled reputation the important and useful station in which the Providence of God had placed him. His mode of governing the College, was entirely of the parental kind; and whenever he found it necessary to exercise the authority with which he was clothed, he pursued a course which, while it was calculated to produce the most salutary influence on all the Students of the College, rarely failed of gaining for himself the esteem, the affections, the strong and enduring friendship, of the very pupils on whom the punishment was inflicted. We have often witnessed the truth of this remark. We have seen the whole of the Students assembled in the College Chapel—the President ascended the Pulpit, and having closed the evening worship, read the proceedings of the faculty, which had deservedly sentenced one Student to expulsion, two to be placed for a season under a private Teacher, in a distant village, twelve to receive a public and twenty a private admonition—the twelve were directed to present themselves in the Aisle—they came forward with an evident intention to disregard the punishment; but before the President had finished his affecting, parental admonition, their froward spirits were subdued; the flowing tears proclaimed their contrition: their reformation was accomplished; and from that moment they became ensamples to others of studious habits, and of regular and correct deportment. No man, we believe, was ever better qualified to preside over a literary Institution; none more beloved by his pupils; none more extensively useful to his country.—Nearly one thousand of the American Youth, having finished their education under his immediate instruction, are scattered over every State in the Union—some of whom are already in Congress, others in the pulpit, on the Bench, at the Bar, in the practise of the healing Art, and in commercial pursuits—all of whom loved him as a Father—all of whom will hear of his death, with deep and undissembled sorrow.

We have not attempted to draw even a sketch of his high and esteemed character; but having, at an early period, sat under his Ministry, and, having been associated with him in the government and instruction of the College over which he presided, it would accord with neither the feelings nor the duty of the Editor of this paper, to publish his death, without paying this small tribute of respect to his memory.

## THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT COURANT.

It is interesting to every family, to understand the best methods of salting Beef and Ham. There are two points to be considered, with respect to meat. The longer it is kept, without salt, the tenderer it becomes. If it receives the salt in this state, it will be found correspondingly tender; and the smaller the quantity of salt there is used, in its preservation, the looser, sweeter and more palatable will be the meat.

TO PRESERVE BEEF AND HAM.

### BEEF.

Let it lie in a cool place, without freezing, about a week: Use 8 ounces pulverized saltpetre, and 6 quarts of fine salt to a barrel:—Put water to these in a convenient vessel; roll the pieces of beef, separately, in this; pack them in the cask, lightly; and in two or three days fill it up with water. When the winter breaks up, take it out to drain; scald the pickle, and pack it down with as much salt of some finer kind as you please; using the same pickle, cold, and reduced with water. I have known this method practised upon for 40 years successively, with little deviation. You need not be alarmed, if it becomes a little slippery in the spring, provided it is not tainted. The plate pieces of a fat beef are about as good as the tongue, and keep as well as pork.

### HAM.

For the same reason, hams improve by hanging a week or eight days, if the season admit of it without freezing. For an average, for one ham, use one ounce saltpetre; or, if large, two ounces; pulverize it; and with fine salt, and water, rub the hams, and lay them into a barrel. Prepare immediately a weak pickle, to the taste as salt as the ham is wanted, and after two days cover the ham with it. In two weeks, broil a slice; if necessary, add a little fine salt; which is better than freshening it, if too salt. In three or four weeks smoke it. Six

or eight pieces may be smoked in a week, in a common oven. Lay them on sticks of wood; place some walnut or maple chips within the lid; raise this a little, and put some coals to them. The smoke thus produced is much better than the common smoke of the chimney. My hams for many years have been much admired.

## MORAL SENTIMENTS.

If they are accounted honourable who have been the instruments of liberating their country from a foreign yoke, how much more honourable would those be, who, foregoing all private animosities and party prejudices, should, in mutual condescension, unite in the suppression of vice, in cultivating the arts of peace, and securing their national advantages on a permanent foundation.

Governments which punish one man with death for killing another, seem in some degree to justify the act; the difference is, that his act is aggressive, and theirs retaliatory.

Labour being a law, to which we are subjected for the correction of our natural depravity, we cannot well substitute the work of the wits for that of the hands, without infringing it and incurring the penalties annexed, which are often perplexity and disappointment, if nothing worse.

It would be some check to self-confidence, if every one who differs in opinion with another, would calmly consider, that as two contraries cannot both be true—possibly he may be wrong, and his opponent right.

## THE MUSEUM

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